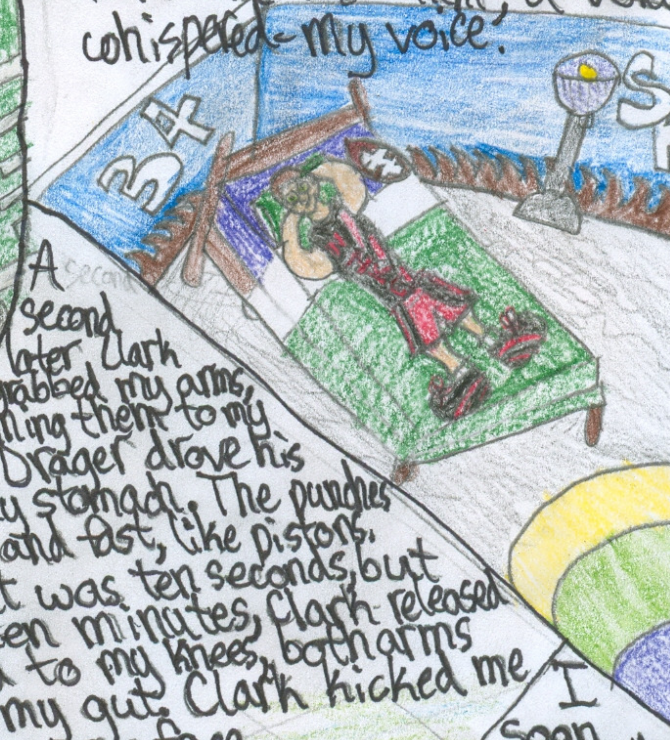
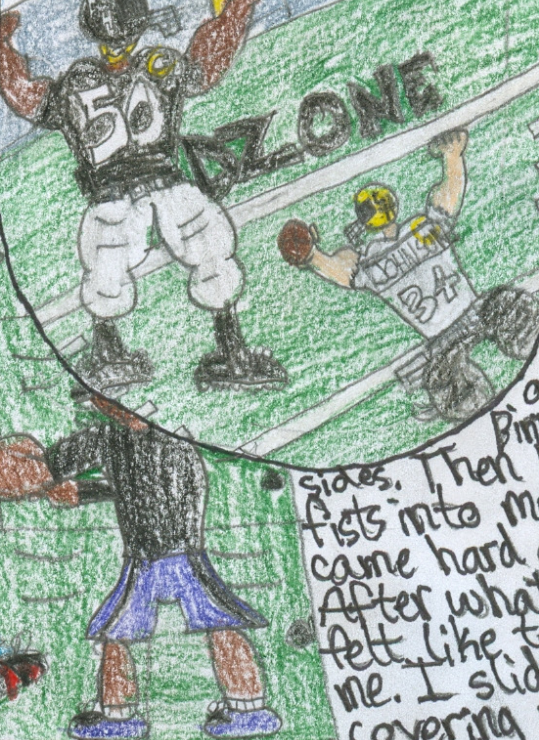


AND DEENER
GYM CANDY

I felt like I was slipping out from under me. I started the ball out as far as I could reach. I was too far inches short.

I there was an answer. I tried to keep it from coming, but there was no holding back. You don't have the talent, a voice whispered - my voice.



A second later Clark grabbed my arms, pinning them to my sides. Then Drager drove his fists into my stomach. The punches came hard and fast, like pistons. After what was ten seconds, but felt like ten minutes, Clark released me. I slid to my knees, both arms covering my gut. Clark kicked me and Drager spit on my face.

Could I take them for a while, say until son and then stop?

Guns go off and off all the time.



Soon I noticed that I was getting zits, mainly on my back and chest. Six weeks after I started Dr. I got out of the shower and noticed my nipples were puffy and thick. The next day was worse.



Kaylee had climbed up behind me and was just sitting down. As soon as I stepped on the wood planks, she looked at me. She'd been smiling then her face dropped.

The anger went away. The fear went away. I put the revolver to my temple, felt the coldness of the muzzle, took a deep breath, took another one, and pulled the trigger.

I know the person, I want to become, but I don't know if I can pull it off. I think I can, sometimes I even pray I can. But the kid down the hall had started screaming again and in my head I'm screaming, too.

IN DRUG PIERRE